

SAMARA



My dear Girls and Boys,

It has been with a feeling of genuine pleasure that I have read your first real attempt at a School Magazine. You have made a good beginning—do not stop there! Go on and do still better! Never be content with anything less than your best. I say this in no spirit of criticism, but because I am confident of your ability to do better all the time.

I see this is entirely a girls' effort. Next time I hope the boys will also contribute.

Your title brings to me the words of Dean Farrar. I pass them on to you.

"If you would do great deeds hereafter, prepare for them; rehearse them; shew yourselves fit for them now. He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much. But remember, that if opportunity for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. Be something in Life; do something; aim at something; not something great, but something good; not something famous, but something serviceable—not leaves, but fruit."

Of such may the fruit of Elmwood be!

Your affectionate friend and Principal,

EDITH B. BUCK.

SCHOOL NEWS

The growth of the School has been indicated this year in two ways. Firstly, the name has been changed from "The Preparatory School" to "Elmwood", and secondly, the Hall has been entirely reconstructed and enlarged. We have now a fine and most attractive building half as large again as the old one, containing a big Assembly Hall with a permanent stage, and, above, light and airy classrooms. The only drawback to the last mentioned is that the new walls will bear embarrassing witness to the fact that hands are not always as clean as they should be!

The name of this Magazine.—A SAMARA is the little winged fruit (or "aeroplane man", as the little ones call it) of the Elm tree, and this Magazine is a little collection of literary fruits from Elmwood.

Basket Ball.—Much more enthusiasm has been shewn lately in this game, owing to Miss Neal having formed three teams, and arranged for the School to play against others. The success which we have already had is due to her untiring efforts in coaching us. Lorna Blackburn was elected Captain, and particulars of the matches we have played appear further on.

Lending Library.—A lending library has been started this term. Every member was asked to contribute one book, but the appeal met with such a great response—some girls contributing as many as seven and eight books—that we have been able to make an excellent start. Our subscriptions for the time being are 50c for the Upper School and 25c for the Lower, but we hope to be able to reduce these when we have got together a sufficient quantity of books. The money, of course, will be spent in buying books. Mrs. Buck has already given us some books, and Mrs. Fauquier has promised some. Without the last contribution, our number had grown to one hundred, and with that we opened the library on the 9th November.

The Toy Symphony.—Under the direction of Miss Tipple a toy symphony orchestra has been formed, and we are looking

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forward to hearing its first performance! The following are taking part: Trumpet: M. Borden, Nightingale: Mabel Dunlop, Cuckoo: R. Bostock, Quai: L. Wilson, Drum: B. Fauquier, Triangle: J. Southam, Rattle: J. Wilson, 1st Violin: Miss E. Bryce, 2nd Violin: C. Dougherty. We wish it success!

The Lantern.—Acting upon a suggestion from Mrs. Buck before the Summer Holidays, that we should try to get a School Lantern for lecturing purposes, Janet, Olive, Cairine and Ralph Wilson, Janet and Bobbie Southam, and John Edwards at Saint Andrews, (with the help of Miss Neal and Miss Tipple) managed to get together a large sum. Luella Irvin gave a bazaar, and was able to contribute \$11.17, while Joan Ahearn and Jocelyn and Rachel White contributed \$3.93 from a little bazaar they held. Others who were unable to contribute anything through holiday efforts, have plans in progress by which they hope to raise some money before Christmas.

Our warmest thanks and appreciation are due to Miss Hillman through whose efforts the magazine has been started. Miss Hillman has had a great deal of work in typing the copy, and her kindness merits our most sincere appreciation.

We all welcome the many new girls and boys this term and hope they will be very happy with us.

ELMWOOD BASKETBALL

1st Team.

P. MacNichol & L. Blackburn	Forwards
M. Blackburn	Centres
S. Smellie & C. Dougherty	Guards

2nd Team.

R. Bostock & B. Fauquier.	
O. Wilson	
V. Gilmour & L. Wilson.	

MATCHES

	For.	Against		
1st Team V.—Ladies' College.....Away.....	13	7	Won	
1st Team. V.—Ladies' College.....Home.....	27	16	Won	
2nd Team V.—Ladies' College.....Home.....	13	9	Won	

L. BLACKBURN, Captain.

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OUR DRAMATIC CLASS

I think our Dramatic Class does us a great deal of good; it teaches us to be graceful and free of movement, to use our voices and speak well, and, above all, not to be afraid to stand alone.

In our classes we cannot all act at once, but we can watch the others and profit by their mistakes, and by the instruction given.

This year we are doing "Midsummer Night's Dream": last year we gave "Julius Cæsar", quite successfully, I think, and we all enjoyed our parts. Although we may not all wish to act when we grow up, studying Drama through a dramatic class gives an accurate knowledge of some of the finest Literature in the English Language.

L. WILSON.

ODE TO AUTUMN

When Summer's gone, then you appear,
The leaves you fling so far
That we with sorrow wipe a tear,
For the earth now lone and drear.
When trees are bare we know you've gone
To other lands so fair,
Now sad at heart we no more hear
The birdling and its song.

LORNA BLACKBURN.

BOB THE FAITHFUL

Up in the snow clad Lands of Alaska two weary travellers were trudging through the snow to where they knew not. They were Jim O'Riley, a young Canadian explorer and his husky, Bob. O'Riley had been on a long journey from Black Creek Post to Dawson. It was so late in the spring that the ice on the rivers was hardly safe for travel but O'Riley's trip was necessary

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because his Company at Black Creek Post had to pay to their rivals at Dawson a sum of money by May 7th. It was now the 3rd, and if the money were not paid in Dawson by the time appointed their option on a valuable claim would be lost. O'Riley had volunteered to take the money to Dawson, and although they thought it hopeless to get there in so short a time, his company had let him go, hence it was that he was taking the risk of crossing the river.

He was more than half way across when he heard the ice all around him creak. He knew what was coming: he just had time to free the big black leader, Bob, from the sledge when he and his dogs and sledge went down and plunged into the water, and Bob followed. He fought against the current bravely and at last he struck against the mainland. Meanwhile O'Riley wandered on and on with his faithful dog and it was nearing dark when my story opens. Jim was growing weaker with hunger and fatigue every minute when, to his great joy, he saw the light of a cabin in the distance. This spurred him on and he soon got to the cabin door. His knock was answered by an old black bearded man, who was very courteous and gave Jim and Bob something to eat. O'Riley told him why he was travelling so late in the spring and without his dogs, but the old man (who of course had a team of dogs) refused to give him a lift to the next post because he was one of the company at Dawson and if he gave O'Riley a lift he would not be playing the game.

Early the next morning O'Riley set off with the faithful Bob at his heels. He looked up at the sky and noticed how the clouds were gathering, and knew that a blizzard was coming. They were about eight miles from the next post when the the blizzard started. The snow fell heavily, and O'Riley reeled and fell head foremost in the snow. As soon as Bob saw his master fall he knew that something was wrong, so pulling off O'Riley's cap he started off at a run for the fort.

In two hours' time, the storm having abated, a sledge, with Bob in the lead of the dogs, was running as swiftly as possible over the loose snow. Suddenly Bob stopped and began franti-

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cally to scrape on the snow; soon, to the men's surprise they saw a piece of a fur coat and sleeve. Then they caught hold of the coat and got O'Riley out. At first they thought he was dead but after much rubbing a little colour came back. They put him on the sledge and took him to the Post. When they got there one of the men said, "By Jove, if it isn't O'Riley of Black Creek Post. I knew him for a plucky lad but I am afraid if it had not been for his dog it would have been 'goodbye' for him!"

When O'Riley was able to speak he told them his story, and one of the men told him how, a few hours before, a dog had gone running into the camp with a man's cap in his mouth. They knew how very intelligent huskies were and so concluded that someone must be buried in the snow, so they had started out to look for the man letting the dog lead. We know that the dog was Bob, and that it was he who had led them to the spot where his master was buried.

The next morning O'Riley insisted upon starting, and the men, although they did not want him to go, gave him a team of dogs with a sledge with Bob in the lead.

O'Riley arrived in Dawson just in time to save his company. Bob was the hero of it all for he had not only saved his master's life, but also his master's company, and when O'Riley told his story all he could do was to praise the Faithful Bob who was lying at his feet.

BETTY CARTER.

JINGLE RHYMES

CATHERINE is a clever child,
She's head of Elmwood School,
Although sometimes she's very quiet,
She's noisy as a rule!

RUTH falls over desks and chairs
And cries out 'Hurry on!'
But when she gets up to the door
The others are all gone!

(R. Bostock).

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BETTY sits behind her desk
And never makes a sound,
But, in the cloakroom, shoes, hats, books
Are tumbling all around! (B. Peek.)

Although Lorna's very sweet
I've heard that it is said
That if it were not screwed on tight,
She would forget her head!

Mary's good at basket-ball
And is a jolly sport
We like her very much although
Her temper's very short! (M. Blackburn.)

JULIA is Miss Tipple's pride,
At singing she's a dream,
But when she starts to do her sums
She is a perfect scream!

In basketball young Sylvia
Stands up so awfully high
She just puts up her hand and gets
The ball out of the sky ?!

Polly cannot do such things
As History so well,
But you ought to hear her when she talks
In French to Ma'moiselle!

Vals Gilmour is a gay young bird
She loves to dance and sing
But when it comes to Algebra
She cannot do a thing!

A studious child is Letty,
In school she's never late,
If she keeps up the way she does
Some day she will be great!

An hour each morning Betty spends
In brushing down her hair,
For if she brushed it up 'twould give
Her Mother quite a scare! (B. Carter.)

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Betty is so stiff and tall
In dancing she's not bright,
But as for things like History
In them she is just right!

(B. Fauquier).

There is a young girl in our School
Whose figure's very large,
We used to call her by her name
But now we call her 'Marj'.

MARJORIE BORDEN and BETTY FAUQUIER.

OUR TENANT

There is a little fellow, brown, with three dark stripes on his back, and a long furry tail who lives in our rockery. His full name is Mister Chipmunk, but we never call him anything but 'Chippy'. He drives us all distracted with his tricks, but I think we should be very sorry to have him leave us.

He has a hole under one of the smaller stones which he takes no pains to hide, and he darts in and out when Mother and I are within two feet of him. Unfortunately he has a great appetite for bulbs, and this has nearly been his undoing. One time Mother bought some expensive bulbs and planted them in pots out of doors. Next morning she noticed that the earth was disturbed in the pots and started to pack it down when she saw that the bulb was gone from one of the pots! She dug hastily in the others and found that the villainous Chippy had eaten all of the bulbs but three! I had to beg very hard that time to save Mister Chipmunk from destruction.

Have you ever seen a Chipmunk have hysterics? It is very amusing. One day a dog came prowling round the yard and frightened Chippy up into a tree. He clung up there, hiccupping as fast as he could, so I came out and drove the dog off. But Chippy refused to come down. He clung half way up the trunk of the tree and cried, sounding exactly like a wheel very much in want of grease! He stayed there for over an hour, crying and hiccupping steadily the whole time. He was finally persuaded

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to come down, and in a little while was running about quite gaily again.

He is the only pet I have and, though he is not as tame as a dog or cat would be, I have a great deal of pleasure with him.

BETTY PEEK.

(The first two verses of this poem were composed by Forms 4c and 3b together and the conclusion was written by each child alone. It is rather interesting to compare these two versions.)—Ed.

THE STORY OF APOLLO AND PHEATON IN VERSE

Phæthon was a youth so bold
Who once to his companions told
He was Apollo's son.
His boastful tale they laughed to scorn,
"No, you are not immortal born!"
They jeered him every one.

Up Olympus he made his way
And bade the great Apollo say:
"By Styx I swear! A sign
I'll give you", and the youth replied,
"The chariot of the Sun to ride
To prove I'm son of thine!"

Mabel Dunlop, 4c—

Apollo stood aghast and cried
"No God but I have ever tried,
'Tis not your task, my son!"
"Give me your horses for one day,
For by your oath you're bound to stay,
It really must be done!"

The horses knew who drove them on,
They knew it was Apollo's son,
And north and south they dashed,
Near, yet nearer to earth they flew,
And Phæthon knew not what to do,
Till last on earth they crashed.

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And as they neared the earth they fell
And, so the ancient Grecians tell,
'Twas on a desert old.
And there the earth was scorched dry
But still his noble sisters cry
"Ah! Phæthon the Bold!"

Ruth Eliot, 3b.—

Apollo was aghast at this,
"My touch the fiery steeds will miss,
To sudden death you go.
But by the River Styx I swore
So you must drive my horses four,
Though you will come to woe."

The horses raced across the sky,
And Jupiter heard Phæthon cry
"Apollo's words were true!"
He so near burnt the frightened world
That a dread thunder-bolt was hurled,
From Jupiter it flew.

He drove across the sea and fell,
For the thunderbolt was aimed well
At him and he was killed.
His watching sisters this did see,
And Heaven heard their sorrowing plea,
But now their grief is stilled.

AN EXPERIENCE ON A RANCH

On the south bank of the South Thompson River, eighteen miles east of Kamloops, is situated the Monte Creek Ranch. Many thrilling scenes have taken place in the neighbourhood, but I think the most exciting were two train Hold-Ups which occurred on the Canadian Pacific Railway line running through the ranch.

The first hold-up took place four miles west of Monte Creek at a station known as Ducks. The leader of the hold-up gang was well known throughout British Columbia as Bill Minor though his true name was Samuel Edwards. He was a noted

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train robber and, like Robin Hood, he believed in robbing the rich companies and giving to the poor. He and his gang made friends with a cattle thief who had his stronghold in the timber about twenty miles south of the C. P. R.

One cloudy night in spring, when the Canadian Pacific train going west, carrying a large gold brick from the smelter at Trail to Vancouver, passed through the station, the second Robin Hood with his merry men prepared to relieve the train of its valuable cargo.

One of the gang got on the engine at the station and when the train was some distance west of the station he covered the engine driver with his revolver and commanded him to stop the train, detach the engine and express-car from the remainder and run them down the track to where the rest of the gang was waiting to search for the gold. This was done by the terrified engine-driver and the search began. When the robbers had found all they could they allowed the train to proceed, while they escaped into the bush.

Next day all the police were hunting the country-side for the robbers but no trace could be found, so the Mounted Police were called in from Alberta. However, it was not the "Mounties" who finally tracked and found the robbers, but the Chief of the Kamloops Police. He was riding through the country, looking like an ordinary inhabitant with his revolver well hidden, when he saw, well ahead of him, three men, apparently prospectors. He overtook them and they enquired of him the way and he gave them all the information they wanted while observing their appearance and the outline of their revolvers in their hip pockets. He then wished them "Good day" and rode slowly on till out of sight; then he galloped with all speed till he found the other policemen. They then joined forces and surrounded the robbers. The gang was taken to Westminster gaol and tried and after a year Bill Minor escaped to the United States, where he caught fever in a swamp and died.

(The second hold-up story will appear in the next issue of this Magazine.)

RUTH BOSTOCK.

THE FALL OF THE LEAVES

Nature's come to call to their beds
All her dear little sleepy heads,
Her children are not as you and I
But are the leaves that flutter by.

Their beds are in a shady wood
Where once some modest violets stood;
Their nurse, the cold wind, then tucks them in
With bedclothes white and fleecy thin.

And then the robin bids "goodbye"
And snowflakes start to flutter by.
Winter's here with his stormy blast
And the little leaves are asleep at last!

MABEL DUNLOP.

WHEN THE MOON SHONE

Babs was a pretty little girl with blue eyes and dark hair but she had one great fault, she was very wilful and when she did not get things all her own way she became bad tempered.

One night she was sent to bed early for quarrelling with her brother Ronnie. For some time she lay quiet and still, cuddling her beautiful doll, and then, with another outburst of temper she took her poor little doll and gave her a severe shaking.

"I don't love you any more", said Babs to her dollie, "in fact I don't love anybody".

Rising up in bed she flung her doll across the room and then snuggled down between the sheets and fell asleep. Just as she was in the land of dreams she felt a little hand touching hers, and, rising up quietly, saw that it was her brother Ronnie, in his nightie, sitting on her bed.

"What are you here for?" demanded Babs in a frightened voice.

"Don't make such a noise, and I'll tell you", replied her brother. "Do you remember the story Nurse read to us yesterday about the Pixies? Well, let us go down to the moor and see if

it's really true. But remember, do everything I tell you and don't let go of my hand for one moment, or else you might get lost".

Babs jumped up quickly and began to dress.

"Do hurry", said her brother in a whisper, "or I'm afraid we will miss them."

"Alright Ronnie", replied Babs excitedly, "I'll try my best".

In a few moments Babs was dressed and ready to go. (You must remember that Babs was only about five and that Ronnie was seven and a half.)

"There now, I'm dressed. Didn't take long, did I?", asked Babs, but Ronnie didn't answer, but grasped the little girl's hand and down the winding staircase the two little figures crept, then out into the dreary moor.

The moon was shining and the night was wonderful, with stars like a huge city, with tiny lights all over.

"I . . . I am so frightened", whispered Babs, "do you think we'd better go back?"

"No, of course not", replied Ronnie, trying hard to be brave, "we are going to see the fairies and pixies".

"But I am so cold", shuddered Babs.

"Oh! you just think you are cold, I am as warm as toast!"

"Just 'cos you're warm doesn't make me warm too . . . it . . . it almost makes me colder".

"Sh . . . listen. Isn't that music I hear far away in the distance?" asked Ronnie in a whisper.

"Yes, fairy music, and I do believe it is coming nearer", gasped Babs quickly.

Just then the whole place where they were standing seemed to light up, and the two children were confronted with a beautiful sight.

First came the fireflies, making the place bright with their lights, then some pixies, and, last of all, a chariot carrying a beautiful fairy and drawn by hundreds of little pixies.

At first Ronnie and Babs were so bewildered that they stood very still, as if they had been glued to the ground, but suddenly Babs, who recovered her senses quicker than Ronnie, stepped

back to hide behind a little bush, only it was too late, the fairy and pixies had seen them.

"What are you doing here?" asked the fairy rather crossly.

"Please, please," begged Ronnie, "we love fairies and pixies and we only came to see if . . . if there were really any on the moor like the stories tell us."

"And a very good reason", answered the fairy, in a very kind sweet voice. "And do you two really believe in fairies and pixies?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Babs and Ronnie with one voice.

"There are lots of little boys and girls who don't believe in us," said the fairy, looking very hard at Ronnie and Babs, "so my little pixies go around to see if you are naughty or good. They can hear everything you say, and love you when you are good, but they don't love anyone naughty, and find it very hard to make you good again. So if you want to try to help the pixies and fairies always believe in them, and be good so that they can love you!"

"We will try to help the pixies and fairies all we can," responded the two children.

But Babs was feeling very shy indeed for she knew that the fairies had heard her everytime she had been naughty, and it did seem a lot of times to poor little Babs as she began to think them over.

"I am very sorry to say," said the kind fairy, looking at Babs, "that a little girl I know has been very naughty lately, but we will forgive her this time if she will promise never to be naughty again, and if she does the pixies and I will give her anything she wishes".

"Yes, yes," echoed all the pixies together, "we will give her anything she chooses just to show how kind we can be to good little boys and girls, and how much we love them!"

"Wish, dear," said the sweet and kind fairy.

"I will try my very best to be good," replied Babs meekly "and do you think that Ronnie and I could come down and see you and your dear little pixies whenever we like?"

"Why, certainly", answered the fairy, "we love to have little boys and girls to play with us."

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"Thank you ever ever so much", cried the two children, "we won't be frightened to come on the moor to see you again!"

"I am afraid it is getting late now, and you had better go back to your little beds or else nurse will be cross if you are very tired in the morning", sweetly said the fairy.

"Goodbye, beautiful fairy, thank you very much for letting us come and see you and your darling little pixies and fairies, and we will always try our very best to be good", cried the two children.

And two very tired little people jumped into their beds that night.

"I never thought the fairies would be so nice, did you Babs?" asked Ronnie.

But Babs was asleep, dreaming about the beautiful fairy and her pixies, and Ronnie soon joined her in dreamland again.

VALS GILMOUR.

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

All the earth had turned grey,
And nature was seen nowhere,
For Orpheus had not played his lute
Since the loss of his lady fair.

For she had died in her blooming youth
And gone to the Underworld,
No more would he see her golden hair
Which around her face had curled.

So to Jupiter her lover went
And asked for leave to go
To find his love and bring her back
From Pluto's land below.

The reply he got was that he might
Go underneath the ground
"If you trust me and all the gods
And do not look around".

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So he crossed the dark dark river
 Playing his lute with gentle hand
And, charming the old ferry man
 He safely got to land.

And he came to the court of Pluto,
 Playing his magic lute,
And got his love and then went out
 Upon the homeward route.

But because the darkness was so still
 He thought, "She is not there",
He turned around! His poor wife threw
 Her hands up in despair.

And then he turned so sad away
 For homeward go he must,
And leave his poor sad wife behind
 Because he could not trust.

MARJORIE BORDEN.



